KEEP TROTH
1934

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
ARCHIVES

King's Hall Magazine

Committee

1934

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EXCHANGES

"The Mitre" — Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P. Q.
"Trafalgar Echoes" — Trafalgar Institute, Montreal.
The Study Magazine — The Study, Montreal.
"School Magazine" — Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
The Trinity University Review — Trinity College, Toronto.
"The Pibroch" — Strathallan School, Hamilton.
Leeds Girls' High School Magazine, — Leeds, England.
"News Steet" — St. Mary's School, Calne.
The Ashburian — Ashbury College, Ottawa.

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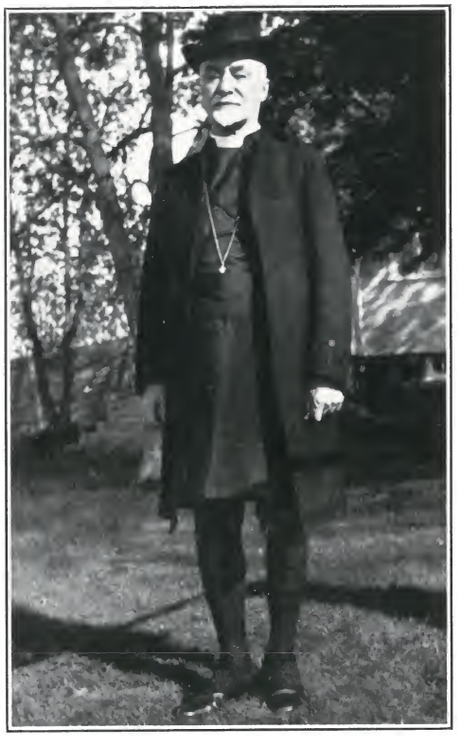
EDITORIAL

E. V. Lucas, in his essay "The Newness of the Old" has pointed out that a joke is always new to someone. There may be some to whom the editing of a magazine is a joke, — we are not of these. If, however, it is a joke, it is certainly a new one to us. We must hasten to add, however, that, much as we dreaded them at first, our Editorial duties have not — up to this point — been very onerous. The secret of this lies in the willing — nay, eager — and untiring efforts on the part of the Committee, who have done all in their power to make this magazine a worthy successor to those of previous years.

We wish to thank all our advertisers. As in all our other issues we depend largely on advertisements to "see us through." Of late these have been getting fewer. This year, owing partly no doubt to the fact that — as we try to believe — the depression is over, but owing also, to a great extent, to the activities of the Committee, we have more than for any year since 1930.

A word about contributions is customary in an Editorial of this kind. As to the actual quality of these the reader is the best judge, but in our rôle of Editor we feel very grateful to think that we, personally, have had to contribute only this Editorial from our own pen. All the stray records, and articles on plays, music and so on, which might so easily have fallen to our lot, have been willingly contributed by others.

MISS GILLARD



THE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC

THE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC

At King's Hall the Lord Bishop of Quebec, who has been Chairman of the Board of Governors for many years, is known as "The Bishop." His visits are eagerly awaited for, we all love him and look upon him as our friend.

The Bishop comes to King's Hall several times during each school year, giving us a "Bishop's Holiday" upon each occasion.

The most important visit of the Bishop is for Confirmation. The service is in the early spring and the Church is beautifully but simply decorated, for the Bishop loves it so. He stays with us for a few days taking a real interest in our school life, both in our work and our play.

No girl at K.H.C. who has heard the Bishop preach will ever forget his sermons, for they are not really sermons but friendly and very helpful talks.

Everyone in the school wishes happiness to the Bishop for many years to come.

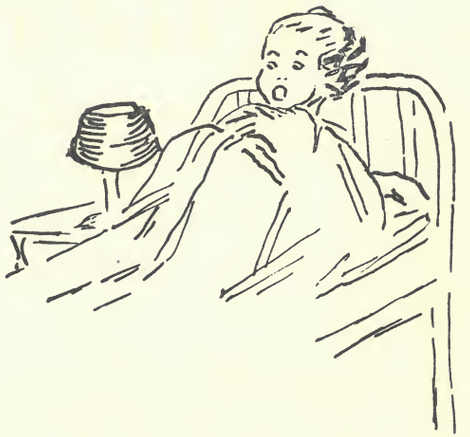
BLUE JAZZ

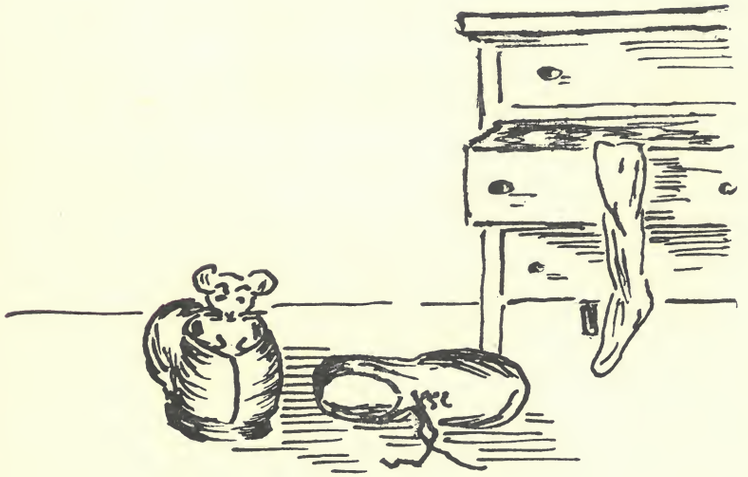
7.00 a.m. - - - - - - - - - - "Hell's Bells."
7.15 a.m. - - - - - - - - - - "Lazy Bones."
7.29 a.m. - - - - - "Roll out of bed with a smile."
7.30 a.m. - - - - - - - - - - "Too late."
7.45 a.m. - - - - - - "Your coffee in the morning."
8.15 a.m. (practices) - - - - - - "Jungle Drums."
8.30 a.m. - - - - - "New every morning is the love."
8.45 - 12.30 - - - - - - - - - "Dreamin'."
1.00 p.m. - - - - - - "Not for all the **rice** in China."
1.45 - 3.15 p.m. - - - - - - (more) "Dreamin'."
3.16 p.m. (tuck) - - - - "Are you makin' any money?"
3.30 - 4.30 p.m. - - "Ooh, would you like to take a walk."
4.31 p.m. - - - - - - - - "Tea for two"(+ 45)
5.00 p.m. - - - - - - "There I go dreamin' again."
5.30 p.m. - - - - - - - - - "Rude Interlude."
5.31 p.m. (order mark) - "Was that the Human Thing to do?"
5.32 p.m. - - - - - "It's funny to everyone but me."
5.33 p.m. - - - "Peace, perfect peace," during which
"I'm looking forward to going back home"
but, "Why do I dream those dreams?"
6.55 p.m. - - - - - - - "Singin' in the bath tub."
7.01 p.m. - - - - - - "I wrote a letter to my love."
7.15 p.m. - - - - - - - - "We're not dressing."
7.20 p.m. - - - - - - "Thank heaven for you" (food)
8.45 p.m. - - - - - "The day is past and over."
9.10 p.m. - - - - - - - - "A thousand good nights."
9.15 p.m. - - "Let's put out the lights and go to sleep."

— B. Gibsone,
— H. Sutherland,
VI:A.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR

A little mouse came peeping,
Around my cupboard door.
I, in my bed lay sleepng,
Forgetting not to snore,
Until that mouse tried jumping,
Into my open drawer,
And then I upped, and screaming
Went flying in next door.





LOOKING AT V:A

I thought I saw a dried up fish, lying on the jetty,
I looked again and saw it was — our latest new kid Betty.

I thought I saw an elephant, swimming in the Volga,
I looked again and saw it was — our smiling class-mate Olga.

I thought I saw a china doll, a broken baby's toy,
I looked again and say it was — our only Ernie Roy.

I thought I saw a little flea, as across the room it flits,
I looked again and saw it was — our darling little Kits.

I thought I saw a bent up tin, or rusty frying pan,
I looked again, and saw it was — our fair-haired Dorianne.

I thought I saw an over-baked and scarlet pork and bean,
I looked again and saw it was — why, only Norah Deane.

I thought I saw some horrid maths, that could have been much fewer,
I looked again, and all I saw — was just our Mistress Brewer.

— M. MacLean, V:A.

We thought we saw a flash of red, flying through the air,
We looked again and saw it was — our Morna's bright red hair.

V:A.

DUST

A bird, soaring high in the air
Fell, as the shot of a gun
Rang through the still, spring day.
A soft splash and he lay
In the lake, dead.

A man, flying high in the air
Fell, as the sides of his plane
Caught, and held the flame
Of a well-aimed bomb,
To the earth, dead.

J. L. MacGregor.

PERSEVERANCE

A botanist saw, as he tramped the rough trails of Utah one day, a specimen too beautiful to leave unpicked. Its colour was superb; its symmetry was perfect; and to crown everything, it was entirely unknown to science. "What could be more desirable?" thought this young man (for there are a few young botanists).

Straightway, with one foot on the path and the other foot somewhere on the side of the mountainous home of the plant, he tried to reach it. He failed utterly. Nothing daunted, Mr. Botanist decided to creep up the side of the cliff and pick it carefully.

Determination lent him means, and soon his arm came within a foot of his prize. Unfortunately, he slipped at this point and rolled down to the path again.

The poor young man gazed sadly around, after his nineteenth descent from the precipitous cliff, and vaguely wondered whether or not his small blanket would hide the gaping hole in his trousers. Still undecided as to this question, he unconsciously resumed his labour. It was a habit by now.

Up the side he went, crawling on his stomach like a dog, lured on by the potent scent of his treasure. Nearer and nearer crept Mr. Botanist to Miss Flower until at last she was only a stem and a head in the hands of her captor. Surely perseverance reaps its own reward.

THE TUCK SHOP WINDOW

The tuckshop has a lower window
Reaching to the ground.
One night we tried to enter
Without the slightest sound.

We pulled and pushed without avail,
The screen was fastened tight.
Among the silly things we'd done
We chose the darkest night.

At last we found a thickish twig,
And with all our might we pried.
We nearly broke the twig in two
Before we got inside.

As soon as we had entered,
We grabbed with all our might.
We picked up all that we could find,
In fact all in our sight.

But as I mentioned once before,
We'd chosen the darkest night,
And, seeing we didn't want to be caught,
We couldn't put on the light.

We had taken a couple of caravan bars,
Some licorice and some chocs.
We'd helped ourselves to the peppermint sticks,
And also the biscuit box.

We tried to find the money case,
The stupid thing was lost.
We put our money on the shelf,
And thought of what it cost.

We were still in thought of the matter,
When somebody heard a sound.
We tumbled or fell through the window,
And hopelessly crouched on the ground.

It was only imagination,
Or the patter of summer rain,
But nevertheless, because of our fears,
We thought better of going again.

That settled the little matter,
Without the slightest fuss.
As the prefects would like to know who it was,
You may tell them that it was us.

— M. MacLean, V:A.

AN INCIDENT

It was spring, and the usual signs of spring were about. The leaves were beginning to come forth in little green buds, birds were building nests, and everyone was going around with a cheery face.

Up in a little attic no signs of spring seemed to be able to creep in. An old man was dying. He lay on a bed gazing towards the window, and trying in vain to get a glimpse of spring. The room was dark and cheerless. He lay there, thinking of the happy days of his youth, his mind wandering back to his children. There had been two children — both were dead now. One had been a little girl whom he had not seen for a long time. He had no friends. All were gone, and here he was, now going to join them.

Presently footsteps could be heard coming up the long, winding stairs. All of a sudden the door burst open and a little girl came in. The old man thought it was his daughter become a little girl again. He smiled. She came to him and kissed him. It was his grand-daughter.

Spring had suddenly entered this room. The room was transformed and the sun came streaming in. The old man was dying, but dying with a smile on his tired face.

— Connie Benison,
Matric

A FISH STORY

Once upon a time there was a Brown man called Lee. There was a Flood in St. Laurent river so he decided to go Anglin near Stan's field. Robert'son was coming back from ringing his Camp-bell and he caught Lee who was put in jail on MacGregor Street.

One morning he thought he heard the Russell of his best girl Cate's dress. He became sad. A Taylor came along and asked if he could Reid Carol(s). "Yes I Cann," replied Lee. Thus he passed his time away.

One day his friends, Roy, Mac's Bride, and even Cate tried to Huntley up. Finally the judge had to Grant the Parson the Wright to Baillie out. Ida know why he was bailed out. He Do know either.

— K. Campbell and B. Cate, V:A.

THE LAGOON

Over the silver blue of the tropic ocean, the palms gently sway in the breeze. Their faint rustling seems to whisper a song which echoes across the quiet lagoon. The shining sands are like a silver pavement sweeping in and out of the sleeping bays, into which a faint glimmer of the moonlight flickers. That mistress of night moves slowly across the azure sky, and, as she moves, her silver pathway on the water grows longer and longer, until it is seen no more. As dawn breaks, the palms are silhouetted against the quickly lighting sky; then as the sun rises, the jungle noises are heard and the whole world notices the beauty of the day.

— F. Sise,
Matric.

THE RIVER

Slowly round the corner,
Swiftly down the hill,
Winding past the oak tree,
Running through the mill.
The river runs forever,
Leaving hills on either hand,
The river runs forever,
In a strange exciting land.
She bends her mighty body,
To the curvings of the soil,
Like a huge and poisonous serpent,
Learning how to coil.
Down the hill she rushes,
In a mass of seething foam,
Tearing up all obstacles,
In her raging dash for home.
Her home, the deep blue ocean ,
In the depths of slimy weed,
Where the lobster and the shark
And the tiny mackerel feed.
Rushing towards the ocean,
Around the the mossy bend,
Reaching at last the ocean,
To a happy restful end.

— M. LacLean, V:A.

ADS

This year we said to ourselves, "Our magazine must be of bigger and better dimensions." Someone immediately dampened our ardour, very laconically, with, "Money, my dear," heavy with sarcasm. But we were persevering. The damp rolled off our duck-like backs. We pondered — "Ads — more ads, more monetary units — This year there must be ads."

So we set out ad-hunting. Letters were inscribed; fellow-students were roused from the thrilling depths of the latest mags. and novels. "Doesn't your Dad do something? He **must** do something! Everyone does **something"** "Well he's president of this an' that if that's any use."

Then Miss Gillard surprised us by saying, almost before we asked her, "You may canvass in Sherbrooke for your advertisements, if you care to." We got ourselves duly over-excited and worked up, and set out for the metropolis. Then we canvassed, and as we had had our pessimistic moments, we were agreeably surprised, when we were only refused by two merchants, neither of whom understood what we were talking about.

You may judge of our elation by the fact that we entirely forgot to meet for tea, until it was far too late.

— E. Rea, VI:A.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

Oh shining little Snowflake!
No words can thee describe.
Thou art a little thing of love,
Sent down to earth from One above
To turn the stony hearts of men,
And make them understand again
The beauty of a tiny thing.
Thou silvery little snowflake!
Art like unto a thought
Sent down from somewhere in the sky,
To tell the world that God is nigh.
Oh wicked humans of our race,
Open your hearts and in them place
This messenger of love!

— P. Morrisey, VI:B.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR — A Sonnet

My heart did sink when I found out my loss —
Full fifteen minutes taken from my sleep!
My troubles all were there in one big heap.
For now you see, I'm forced to come across
From sleep to wakefulness, before the time
That I was wont to. Now for sleep I yearn,
Remembering always lessons yet to learn,
I sleepily do curse that morning chime,
The rising bell. But oh, friends, look and see
The smile I wear when "Break" at last I gain.
Oh I do cheer with all my might and main!
In half-an-hour's freedom now do we
Recuperate from early-rising pains,
And sit, and gloat, and contemplate our gains.

— Cecily Eardley-Wilmot,
Matric.

LADY

Fierce and fiery
Black and wiry
Ever joyful
Full of fun.
Stamping here
Bucking there
Snorting, shying
At the air.
Hating all that
Do command,
Excepting one
Beneath whose hand
She'll softly whine
And snort with glee
And gallop on
Eternally.

— Morna MacLean, V:A.

THE SAILORS

Two little boys one summer day,
Went for a sail across the bay.
They sailed and sailed until they spied,
A fairy goddess, to whom they cried;
"Oh Fairy Goddess, sweet and true,
May we come and sail with you?"
The Fairy Goddess, a lively sprite,
With hair as black as the star-dimmed night
Replied to the children, with voice so soft.
"Climb up, dear laddies, and sit aloft." —

They sailed away in the ship so small,
And they haven't been heard from at all, at all.
Some folks say they were drowned at sea,
But I know different, 'cause didn't I see? —

— J. MacGregor, VI:A.

A SPRING DAY

The spring has come, the world is gay.
The country smells of new-mown hay
The whistling farmer in the field
Wonders what his crop will yield.
The faithful collie by him stands
Gazing on the fruitful lands,
The little calves around him play
Wondering at the new spring day.
The cherry blossoms fresh and new
Look into a sky of blue.
The purple violets by the trees
Waver brightly in the breeze.
The little birds that learnt to fly
Soar above the clouds so high.
But when the evening falls at last
They know another day is past.

— Morna MacLean, V:A.
and Phyllis Morrisey, VI:B.

ON FIRST COMING TO SCHOOL

(With apologies to Miller)

Behind I leave my dear old home,
Before me all is bad and wrong,
I left my hat, my brush, my comb —
All for the sake of an old school gong.

I have to leave my bed at morning,
And down the corridor rush pell mell
I have to have a second warning
To make me heed the breakfast bell.

Morna MacLean, V:A.,
and M. C. Rea, V:B.

SILENCE

Silence is golden —
Not a sound, not a word,
Not a whisper, nor a rustle,
Of the wings of a bird.
Swiftly and silently
The river running by,
The tree tops wavering,
The clouds in the sky,
All are silent.
They ne'er utter a sound,
From the birds in the heavens
To the worms on the ground.
For the presence of one,
Mighty and great,
Can be felt by all,
Early and late.
And that presence is
God —

— Morna MacLean, V:A.

LIMERICS

The School has a horse known as Bitters,
Who is continually giving me jitters,
He shied at a toad,
So I fell on the road,
Since then I have hated dear Bitters.

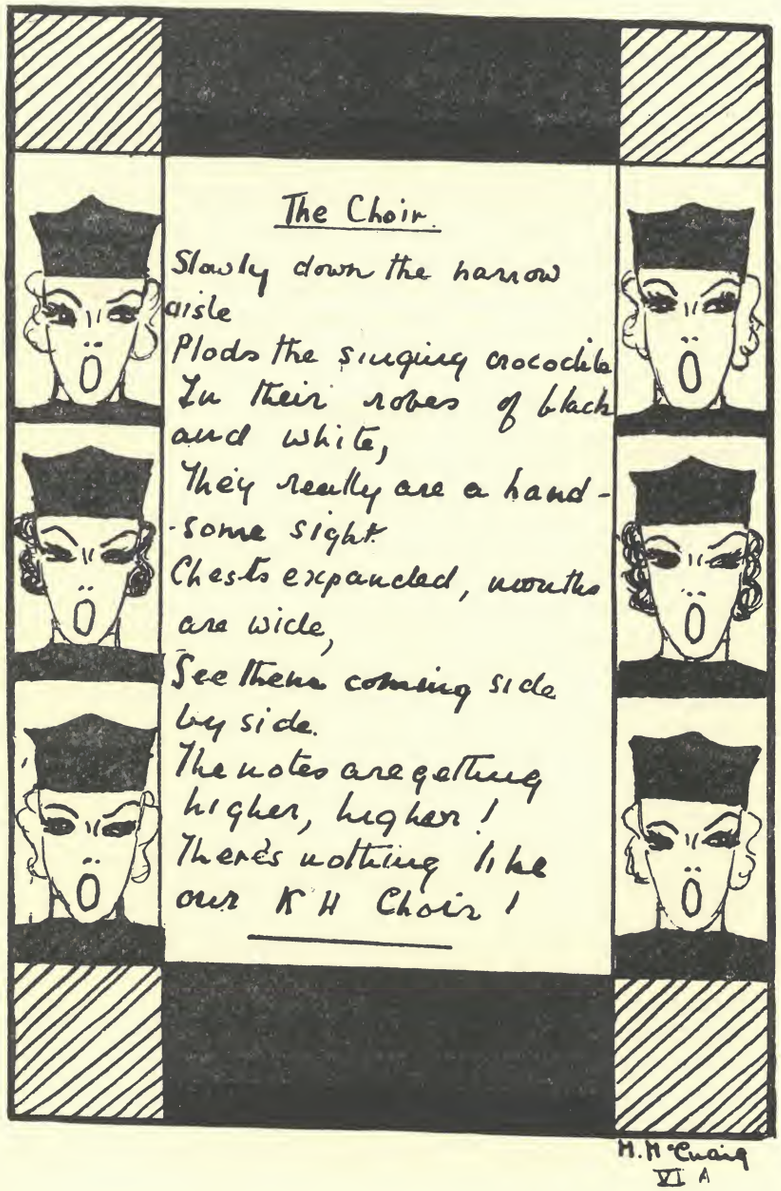
We have a school mistress called Wainie,
Who occasionally seems to be brainy,
She gave us a fright,
When she taught us to write,
Since then we have been quite insaney.

— M. MacLean, V:A.

BED-ROOM CHATTER

"Oh, there goes the bell."
"Have you got an extra pin?"
"Where under the shining sky is my other stocking?"
"We don't miss much from these windows, do we?"
"Say, that's **my** hair band."
"Give me a little room, will you?"
"Love, thy spell is everywhere."
"If you don't mind, will you carry that tune outside?"
"What did he say in that last letter?"
"Gracious, hope I have time to get a drink!"
"Blow, ill winds, blow - ow - ow."
"Aw, gee, there goes the **other** elastic!"
"And my shoe string is keeping it company."
"Do we wear white shirts today?"
"Can't help it. My laundry didn't come back."
"Who has my tie?"
"Now look at that run, would you, when I've already spent a half hour over that knee."
"Where did you get the food?"
"Say, these bloomers seem a bit small."
"They must be Ellie's!"
"What did she put them in my room for? She would!"
"Is that the bell?"
"Tell her I'm coming. I just have to dress and I'll be there. And, say, wait for me, will you?"

— B. Richmond, VI:B.


The Choir.
Slowly down the narrow aisle
Plods the singing crocodile
In their robes of black and white,
They really are a handsome sight
Chests expanded, mouths are wide,
See them coming side by side.
The notes are getting higher, higher!
There's nothing like our K'H Choir!
H. H. Craig
VI A

DOG'S DAY

I am four weeks old today, and I had my first beating!
I chewed my master's boot —
I spilt Cook's flour —
I tripped up the maid (she had my mistress' breakfast on a tray)
I have been altogether a very bad puppy they tell me.
— But I am young — and I will improve when I'm older
— I can't afford to miss the fun just now —
I had bread and milk for lunch.
My master tried to train me to fetch and carry.
I had my supper — and I went to my soap box to sleep.

— M. C. Rea, V:B.

CHOIR

Ours is a wonderful choir,
Fine as the frogs in a mire.
And once we've begun
It's really quite fun —
You'd imagine a hen-house on fire!

Our robes are the latest in style;
Angelic, we pass up the aisle!
But if we should wriggle,
Or make the school giggle,
We get booted out for a while.

— Cecily Eardley-Wilmot,
Matric.

I'D LIKE TO SEE

Miss Huntley — Head of a boys' school.
Miss Wright — Second Eddie Duchin.
Miss Wainwright — When she is not in a hurry.
Miss Parsons — When she is not working.
Miss Stansfield — A Cheer Leader.
Miss Keyzer — As an Alpine Climber.
Miss Godfrey — Superintendent of Nurses.
Miss Gillard — Resting once in a while.
Miss Briggs — Cooking in an orphanage.
Miss Brewer — Finishing her meals.

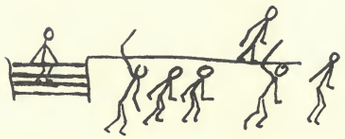
— Mary L. Grant, VI:B.

ANNIHILATION

Ten little school-girls,
walking in a line —
One tried to skip it,
and then there were nine.

Nine little school-girls,
trying to loose weight —
One lost too much of it,
and then there were eight.

Eight little school-girls,
talking at eleven —
One had to go and work,
and then there were seven.



Seven little school-girls
caught in a fix —
One got gated
and then there were six.

Six little school-girls,
going for a drive —
One got run over,
and then there were five.

Five little school-girls,
sitting on the floor —
One got a splinter,
and then there were four.

Four little school-girls,
going out to tea —
One over-ate herself,
and then there were three.

Three little school-girls,
one very new —
She got squashed,
and then there were two.

Two little school-girls,
with prep not done —
One got caught,
and then there was one.

One little school-girl,
too fond of fun —
Failed her Matric.
and now there are none.

NIGHTLY FEARS

When I was twelve
And at King's Hall,
I roomed with a girl
At the end of the hall.
We chatted and talked
The whole night through,
But when Mistresses walked,
Their footsteps we knew.
We ne'er uttered a sound,
For we fear and we dread
Having to write
While the rest are in bed.
— Morna MacLean, V:A.

THE APPLE-TREE

The apple-tree in splendour blooms,
Outside Miss Gillard's door,
To herald in the new-born spring,
And blot out memory's score.
While gazing out, (in a history class)
I watch its branches sway,
And marvel at the downy blooms
That nature did array.
Look! close behind a Maple stands,
The emblem of our land;
And as to country, so to school
"Keep troth" is its command.
— J. L. MacGregor,
Form VI:A.

DREAMING

Dreaming —
Slipping into unknown worlds,
The lands of fairy boys and girls.
Swimming neath the ocean,
Amid the shells of gold,
Glaring at the fishes
With an air both bright and bold.
Floating in the heavens,
On fleecy clouds of foam,
Awakening with a start
To find yourself at home.

— M. MacLean. V:A.

TREES

With curled trunks and knarled branches,
Gazing round with sideways glances,
Cracking in the winter freeze,
Bending in the summer breeze.
They rise from seed beneath the ground
They multiply the seasons round,
They shade the weary mountain trappers,
They blow the skirts of city flappers,
They give man wood to make his things,
They give boys branches for their slings.
And yet we give them in return,
Nothing, and their parts we burn,
To use as everlasting fuel,
To cook or boil our winter gruel.
Tall and stately do they stand,
Looking on our wasted land,
Never asking or inquiring,
But giving us to our requiring,
All we ask and take from them,
For they shall never rule earth's men.

— M. MacLean, V:A.

Daisy's Daily Exercise — What came of it.

As most intelligent people know, there are many kinds of flies: big ones, little ones, black ones, blue ones, green ones and even the fancy multi-coloured ones — but my special pet is — or rather was — the house-fly.

I remember once seeing a lone fly doing its morning exercises up and down my window-pane.

Daisy (I guessed it to be of female gender and so chose to name it Daisy as being the most appropriate) capered in circles for one inch, zig-zagged for five inches, then ran the remaining six. After a pause of two minutes she washed and rearranged herself for the return trip. By this time I was most interested in the antics of the little darling and watched her for some minutes. But as Daisy reached her eighty-ninth excursion a slight feeling of irritation spread over me — after all there is a limit to everything — so I turned round and endeavoured to forget her. Impossible! Zip-zap - smush - swang! What was Daisy doing but trying to knock off excess fat by flapping herself against my only window-pane, and in the process creating a big disturbance in my room. All this was rather annoying to say the least, but she certainly capped the climax when she took a stroll over my chocolates, hopping daintily from one to the other as if on stepping stones. Such brazen nerve. And of course I kept imagining the countless particles of nasty foreign matter she had probably left behind —for such is the habit of flies, though Daisy might have been an exception. Anyway I was taking no chances. Hastily grabbing something (which later turned out to be my best piece of underwear) I laid poor Daisy out neatly on the table.

"That is the end of you, my girl!" I muttered, and hastily left the scene of the tragedy. Ten minutes later I returned, just in time to witness a change in the corpse. As I watched she batted an eye open and gazed restlessly around, her feelers vaguely pawing the air, and every hair on end. She certainly looked different somehow, with none of her old pep — and a look in her eye which gave me an uncomfortable feeling. Spiritual! That was it. Anyway it gave me an inferiority complex of sorts.

Suddenly the truth dawned on me! Daisy was being reincarnated! Personally I always thought that reincarnated people live in another world from the one they died out of, but I guess poor Miss Fly got cheated. Next summer I'll have to meet some of her successors who are now laid (in egg form) in all four corners of my room. I know this for a fact because flies are all alike — even my poor Daisy.

"Ride a la King's Hall"

— P. Robertson, VI:B.

MATRICULATION FORM

Back row (l. to r.) — J. Savage, C. Benison, F. Sise, I. Cressy, C. E.-Wilmot, M. Du Moulin.
Front row — L. Flood, V. Latter, B. Jamieson, K. Littler, P. Anglin, D. Carswell.

THE CHOIR

THE SCHOOL

BABS

Babs is our cream horsie.
She can trot and she can prance,
She can whistle and she can dance.
Babs is our cream horsie.

Babs is our cream horsie.
She can jig along a mile,
She can jump the great blue Nile.
Babs is our cream horsie.

— J. LaCaille, V:B.

"MATRIC"

A is for Anglin who stands first in form.
B is for Benison whose maths teachers mourn.
C is for Carswell always neat and precise.
D is for Du Moulin, the name will suffice.
E Eardley-Wilmot's beyond us in brains.
F is for Frannie high and mighty her aims.
G for Geometry a puzzle to most.
H is for History of which we can't boast.
I is for Ida who keeps order so well.
J is for Jamieson, what more can we tell.
K is for Kay our mathematic expert.
L is for Lizette who is ever alert.
M is for Marvel how we got in this form.
N is for News without which we're forlorn.
O is for Old girls that we'll be next year.
P is for Prep which ends with a cheer.
Q is for questions with answers so vague.
R is for Running and develops the leg.
S is for Savage a blonde of the class.
T is for tuck which fattens the lass.
U is for Useless our brains seem to be.
V is for Violet a silent lass, she.
W is for wit, here it does not abound.
Y is for youth in K.H.C. found.
Z is the zeal in our work and our play.
This sums up "Matric" in an odd sort of way.

— Connie Benison,
Matriculation.

THE EAGLE

King of man, and birds and all,
Reigning long, without a fall.
Monarch of the distant skies,
Ruling man until he dies.
The lofty crags, his mountain home,
Looking down upon the foam,
Gazing at the world beneath him,
Hating all that do behold him.
Lord of Birds and all that fly,
Ruling them until they die,
Watching all their souls depart,
Watching with an aching heart.
Wishing that the day would come
When he could fly beyond the sun,
Fly to what is far away,
To perfect bliss from day to day.

— M. MacLean, V:A.

MATRIC

What I would like to see.

Pam — as a nurse to 100 orphans.
Connie — as Professor of Maths.
Do — as head of a large family.
Cressy — settled down.
Mig — as the fat lady in Spark's side show.
Lizette — as a second Mae West.
Cow — on a farm.
Kay — with her hair combed.
Joan — teaching the Kindergarten how.
Vi — as a tight-rope walker.
Cecily — as a crooner.
Sise — working.

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

Players — Charlemagne
Roland
Old woman
Child
Knight [messenger]
numerous soldiers

Place: Among the Pyrenees.
Time: In Charlemagne's lifetime.
Scene: Rough country. In the background is situated a small cottage. An old woman is gathering sticks and a child is playing near the hut.

Child —I see an army approaching, a victorious army, 'tis Charlemagne back from his conquest. Oh that I were a man!

Old woman — Victory! Thank God for that.

[singing is heard in the distance, and the woman and child wait eagerly.

Child — [excitedly] Oh!

A horse appears ridden by a knight [messenger].

Knight — Victory! Victory! Let it be proclaimed throughout the land.

Woman — Aye, 'tis a restless life, But thank God again for victory.

[singing grows louder and procession appears headed by Charlemagne].

Charlemagne — Pleasant evening, good dame.

Woman — Aye, but not so pleasant for the foe.

Charlemagne — [laughing] Thou art right. Many lie wounded yonder, and the rest have fled.

Child — [going up beside the charger ridden by Charlemagne]

Here is a rose, and a little cross. Take it, as a sign of victory, 'tis all I have to offer.

Charlemagne — Thou art a wise and thoughtful Boy.

[Procession moves onward. Most of the soldiers bow to the humble woman and child].

Child — He liked my cross.

Woman — Aye, he likes that which is good.

[They remain in silence and watch the army disappear].

Child — Oh that I were a knight!

Woman — Wait, son, 'tis time enough when thou are older.

[A great clashing and stampeding of horses is heard in distance].

Woman — [trembling] War! war! war!

Child — Come, sit on the steps and I will sing to you.
Woman — Thy voice is sweeter than the bloody sound of swords.
[They go and sit on the steps and the boy sings].

Suddenly a group of wild Saracens, followed by Roland and some of his men appear. A furious fight follows in front of the cottage, where the woman and boy have fled for refuge.

Roland — [voice is heard above the tumult].

Fight bravely on, fight on my men. The battle continues and many of the Saracens fall. [Finally the Saracens flee, and Roland is lying on the ground among the wounded].

Old Woman — Son, go and help them while I get water.
Boy — There is Roland, the brave leader, nephew of Charlemagne, lying wounded.
Woman — Aye 'tis a sad sight [she totters away with a bucket].
Boy — [going over and kneeling beside Roland].
I will proclaim throughout the world that thou didst fight to the end. That thou hast died a soldier's death. Oh Lord! give me the life of a knight.
Roland — [slowly opening his eyes and smiling].
Son, thou wilt be a true and honest knight; truely, I say, I can tell by thy voice. When thou art older, take thy place in battle, lead thou thy soldiers on, fight the glorious fight for Christianity, unite all Europe under one Empire of peace. My days are over, my life was happy, 'twas my heart's content to see the battlefields, but all is over, no more will I sing songs of victory. All is over, all is over.
Child — Thou art my pattern. I will keep thy words in my heart.
Roland — [grasping his horn and blowing a lusty blow].

Oh that Charlemagne may hear the sound! He knows my horn, and he will come and help my wounded men, for I may lead them on no longer. [He closes his eyes and clutches his sword].

They remain in silence watching Roland.

Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs are heard in the distance.

Roland — Charlemagne! Lord!, Thou hast let me depart in peace.
[He closes his eyes for the last time].

(Curtain)

WINES AND HISTORY

Peter had a little wife
Her mind was very sly
So all of Peter's subjects
To their sovereign said
goodbye.

Napoleon had a little wife,
Too low for him was she
For everywhere Napoleon turned
He saw a family tree.

Henry had a little wife
Her skin was white as snow
And every temper Henry had
His wife was sure to know.

Matric

Name	Type	Ambition	Pastime	Pet Aversion
Pam	Unusual case	to develop an appetite	being tickled	her eyebrows
Connie	boisterous	to hear the rising bell	working Saturday mornings.	rhubarb
Do	messy	to get her B.A. and M.A.	collecting old gold for false teeth.	smart alecs
Cressy	innocent	keep a chocolate bar during rest	looking after her room mate.	some people's children.
Mig	buxom	get thin	waiting for the mail.	German
Liz.	siren	to be mayoress of Drummondville	wise cracking.	candy
Cow.	simple	to be a nun	"Longfellows"	bells
Vi.	weak	to get fat	getting 2's in Maths.	Maths.
Kay.	immaculate	to go to R.M.C.	chiseling.	high pressure salesmen
Sise.	energetic	Nil	being neglected	working overtime.
Joanie.	Understanding	to be a second Florence Nightingale	breaking her glasses.	Chemistry
Cecily.	petite	to be sophisticated	taking bites.	Cicero
Form.	exasperating	to have courage	working.	Monday mornings.

Horoscope

Expression	Chief Worry	Noted for	Future Occupation
Oh, stop!	worrying.	high blood-pressure	a sampler for Lowney's chocolates.
Oh say!	freckles	her tennis	'nth wonder of the world.
Haw! Haw!	Mig.	waving hair	trying her Matric. again.
Goodness Gracious	H.M., D.N., H.L.J.H., P.M.	those ears	tax collector.
Whaaat!	being teased.	Dirty looks.	Supervisor of MacMaster Track Team
Who cares!	her niece	her affaires	working in a "Noxzemia" factory.
Hades!	her neck	large calves!	eating grass
I'm no fool	Theorems 1 - 72	gift of gab.	McGill cheer leader.
What's this? What's this?	her calendar	her coiffeure	opera singing.
Holy Dinah!	cross section of a lily.	powerful physique.	bringing up 13 children in 1 room.
Ooh Poops!	the sewing machine.	that delicate perception.	a "General" nuisance!
Lèmme a French Grammar.	Senior Matric.	her voice	cheer leader at U.B.C.
'Snuff said.	eunt 3rd declension.	intelligence	old ladies home.

School Record

1933 - 34

Head Girl

Ida Cressy

Prefects

Ida Cressy - - - - -	Matriculation
Dorothy Carswell (sports captain) -	"
Pam Anglin - - - - -	"
Carol Roy - - - - -	VI:A.

Form Captains

Matric - - - -	I. Cressy
VI:A. - - - - -	C. Roy
VI:B. - - - - -	S. Baillie
V:A. - - - - -	N. D. Baillie
V:B. - - - - -	J. La Caille

Houses

Macdonald	Rideau	Montcalm
D. Carswell (captain)	I. Cressy (captain)	P. Anglin (captain)
	Matric	
M. Du Moulin	C. Benison	F. Sise
C. E-Wilmot	L. Flood	
B. Jamieson	K. Littler	
	V. Latter	
	J. Savage	

VI:A.

B. Gibsone	C. Roy	P. Crabtree
M. McCuaig	T. St. Laurent	E. Rea
J. MacGregor		S. Archibald
		H. Sutherland
		A.-M. Balfour

VI:B.

H. Brunning	S. Baillie	C. Cann
A. Creighton	L. Ahearn	E. Grigg
M. Grant	E. Taylor	P. Morrisey
P. Rawlings		M. E. Rossiter
P. Robertson		B. Reid

V:A.

O. Brown	N. Baillie	E. Roy
C. Campbell	M. MacLean	B. Cate
	D. Finnie	

V:B.

E. Russell	E. McBride	M. C. Rea
		J. La Caille

SCHOOL CALENDAR

1933

Sept. 12th.	School reopened.
Oct. 7 - 9th.	Thanksgiving week-end.
Oct. 14th.	Masquerade (half the girls dressed as boys).
Oct. 21st.	Scavenger Party.
Oct. 26th.	Holiday given by the Bishop.
Oct. 28th.	Half Term Holiday.
Oct. 31st.	Hallowe'en Supper.
Nov. 4th.	Hallowe'en Masquerade.
Nov. 19th.	Paul de Marky
Nov. 26th.	The Waterville Orchestra.
Dec. 3rd.	Dog Show.
Dec. 11th.	Carol Singing.
Dec. 16th.	End of Term.

1934

Jan. 10th.	Beginning of New Term.
Feb. 10th.	Lecture on Hitler by Miss Smith.
Feb. 17th.	Half Term Holiday.
Feb. 17th	Baby Party.
Feb. 21st.	Basketball match vs. U.B.C.
Feb. 24th.	Treasure Hunt.
March 10th.	Basketball match vs. Sherbrooke Y.W.C.A.
March 17th.	School Plays.
March 28th.	End of Term.
April 10th.	Beginning of New Term.
April 24th	Hart House String Quartet.
April 28th.	A School Dance.
May 1st.	School attended Plays produced by U.B.C.
May 5th.	Basketball game vs. The Study.
May 8th	Professor Clarke visits the School.
May 15th.	Confirmation.
May 16th.	Holiday given by the Bishop.
May 21st.	Music Examinations.
May 24th.	Holiday.
June 9th.	School attends The House of Rothschild.
June 14th.	Closing.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY — 1933 - 34

Girls

Ahearn, L. — 450 Daly Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
Anglin, P. — 5 St. George's Place, Westmount, Que.
Archibald, S. — 4278 Dorchester St. W., Montreal, Que.
Baillie, N. — 1547 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Baillie, S. — 1547 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Balfour, A.-M. — "Chedoke," Hamilton, Ont.
Benison, C. — 209 - 44th Avenue, Lachine, Que.
Brown, O. — 131, Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
Brunning, H. — 202 Ballantyne St. N., Montreal West.
Campbell, K. — 6 Ste. Marie St., Levis, Que.
Cann, C. — 4864 Cote des Neiges Road, Apt. 9, Montreal, Que.
Carswell, D. — 3 Turner Ave., Hamilton, Ont.
Cate, B. — North Hatley, Que.
Crabtree, P. — Crabtree Mills, Que.
Creighton, A. — 325 Stewart St., Ottawa, Ont.
Cressy, I. — 932 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont.
Du Moulin, M. — 7 St. James' Place, Hamilton, Ont.
Eardley-Wilmot, C. — Compton, Que.
Finnie, D. — 319 Daly Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
Flood, L. — Drummondville, Que.
Gibsone, B. — 1 Des Grisons St., Quebec, Que.
Grant, M. — 5 Chelsea Place, Montreal, Que.
Grigg, E. — Stanstead, Que.
Jamieson, B. — 1374 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, Que.
La Caille, J. — 49 Rosemount Ave., Westmount, Que.
Latter, V. — Rawdon, Que.
Littler, K. — 21 Windsor Ave., Westmount, Que.
McBride, E. — 4189 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, Que.
McCuaig, M. — 35 Holton Ave., Westmount, Que.
MacGregor, J. — 120 Aberdeen Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.
MacLean, M. — "Mull Hall", Pointe Claire, Que.
Morrisey, P. — 3275 Cedar Ave., Westmount, Que.
Rawlings, P. — 3125 Westmount Blvd., Montreal, Que.
Rea, E. — 1529 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Rea, M. C. — 1529 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Richmond, B. — "Shorelands", Old Greenich, Conn., U.S.A.
Robertson, P. — Woodside Drive, Milbrook, Greenwich, Conn.
Rossiter, M. — 5 Braeside Place, Westmount, Que.

Roy, C. — Holy Trinity Rectory, Levis, Que.
Roy, E. — Holy Trinity Rectory, Levis, Que.
Russell, E. — Hillcrest, Matane, Que.
Savage, J. — South Stukely, Que.
Sise, F. — 1266 Redpath Crescent, Montreal, Que.
Sutherland, H. — 58 Markland St., Hamilton, Ont.
St. Laurent, T. — 239 Grand Allée, Quebec, Que.
Taylor, E. — Rothesay, N. B.
Reid, B. — 113 Maple Ave., Shawinigan Falls, Que.

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Staff

Brewer, Miss M. — St. Michael's, Bergerville, P. Q.
Briggs, Miss E. — "Maplehurst", Compton, Que.
Flood, Miss M. — Drummondville, Que.
Huntley, Miss R. — King's Hall, Compton, Que.
Keyzer, Miss G. — 148 Elmwood Rd., Swampscott, Mass, U.S.A.
L'Hôte, Madame — Main St., Lennoxville, Que.
Parsons, Miss D. — Gedney Common, Holbeach, Lincolnshire, England.
Porteous, Miss F. — Ste. Petronille, Island of Orleans.
Stansfield, Miss E. — 3182 Westmount Blvd, Montreal, Que.
Wainwright, Miss D. — 695 Queen St., Fredericton, N.B.
Wright, Miss H. — Broom Hill Spa., North Ireland.

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THE PLAYS

On the seventeenth of March the School presented three one-act plays. Although we were "snowed-in" at the time, there were about fifty visitors from the surrounding district and from Montreal. We were very glad that the B.C.S. boys were able to come this year.

The first play, a short skit called "Maplebuds", was produced by Ellendelle Rea. This play was written by Alison Brock, who attended King's Hall last year. "The Dear Departed" by Stanley Houghton, was excellently produced by Ida Cressy and was very well acted. "Pierre", a tragedy by Duncan Cambell Scott, for there is always a tragedy in our performances, was produced by Miss Stansfield, whose untiring efforts made all the plays the success that they undoubtedly were. We wish to thank Miss Stansfield very much and to wish her every success for next year.

Much credit is due to the girls who did the costumes, programmes and properties, and to Jimmy for the stage and lighting effects.

— P. Anglin,
Matric.

— ● —

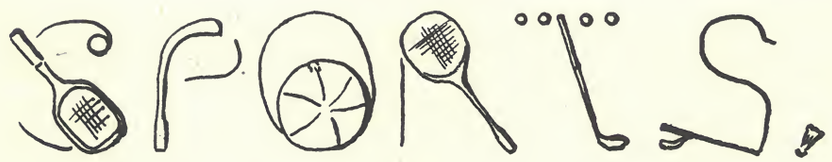
MUSIC

After several weeks of exciting expectancy, on our part, the evening arrived when Mr. Paul de Marky honoured us with a piano recital. There was no need for any sign of silence in the lounge where we were assembled, as we were all eagerly awaiting the moment when Mr. de Marky should begin to play. His programme included a variety of well-known works concluding with "The Blue Danube Waltz", a great favourite with us.

We have also had several musicales on Sunday evenings, which have been enjoyed by all. Perhaps these entertainments might be aptly described in the following quotation: (with apologies to Wordsworth) "I heard a thousand blended notes."

May 20th, the day of the music examinations, was a source of great anxiety to some of us. We were fortunate in having Mr. Wm. Alwyn, a well known composer, from the Royal Academy of Music, to examine. Eight of us had a rather nerve-racking morning, but the only satisfactory remark from Mr. Alwyn was, "No one disgraced herself." Everyone is hoping for the best.

— P. Crabtree,
— J. MacGregor,
VI:A.



HOCKEY

Hockey has always been one of our favourite sports. There were a great many new girls this year to whom hockey was quite a new sport, but they soon became very enthusiastic when they learnt how to play the game. Everybody enjoys playing hockey, but it requires much energy and cannot be played in very warm weather.

This year the snow came so early we were not able to finish playing the house games. But we will be able to play them off during this summer term.

The results of the House Hockey games so far are as follows:

Montcalm vs. Macdonald — Macdonald won 3 - 1.
Montcalm vs. Rideau — Rideau won 2 - 1.
Montcalm vs. Rideau — Rideau won 3 - 1.
Rideau vs. Macdonald — Macdonald won 2 - 1.

We played a very exciting game against the Staff, but at the end of the game neither side had scored a goal.

BASKETBALL

We had an interesting basketball season this year. We were able to play three outside games.

The team:-

Side centre:- Francis Sise.
Jumping centre:- Cecily Eardley-Wilmot.
Forwards:- Ida Cressy, Sonia Baillie.
Guards:- Marjorie DuMoulin, Dorothy Carswell.
Subs:- Connie Benison, Helen Sutherland, Joan Savage.

The first of these games was against the girls of Bishop's University in Lennoxville. It proved to be a very exciting game. Bishop's team won by the score of 49 - 48.

On March 10th our team went to Sherbrooke to play the Y.W.C.A., and won the game by the score of 93 - 18. We were very much disappointed that we were not able to have a return game with Bishop's University and the Y.W.C.A. of Sherbrooke.

On April 6th The Study team from Montreal came to King's Hall to play a game with us. The game was played that evening. The

Study won by the score of 54 - 51, and it was a wonderful game. We were so glad that the girls from The Study were able to come out here, and next year we hope they will come again.

As yet we have not played off the house basketball matches. In the form-matches the "Matrics" have been victorious so far, but we have not finished all the games. We did not find time to have a game with the Staff this year, nor did the Staff and Prefects have a game.

BADMINTON

During the winter term when the weather was bad we played several "round-robins", and although we did not have much time for badminton, we enjoyed it whenever we played.

The results were:-
Senior Singles:- Sonia Baillie.
Senior Doubles:- Ida Cressy and Marjorie DuMoulin.
Junior Singles:- Norah Deane Baillie.
Junior Doubles:- Norah Deane Baillie and Kitty Campbell.

TENNIS

We are just playing off the tennis tournament now, so everybody is out practising at every odd minute of the day.

The results of last year's tournament were:-
Senior Singles:- Betty Snell defeated Kay Crabtree 10-8, 6-4.
Senior Doubles:- Sheila Archibald and Constance Benison defeated Betty Snell and Barbara Buchanan 6-4, 6-2.

SKIING and SKATING

We had very good weather for our winter sports this year, Jimmy made us a lovely rink, and there was a great deal of skating. Some clear nights we were allowed to go out skating after supper in the moonlight.

The snow was extremely good for skiing this year for some time, and quite a few girls were able to pass their tests. Ski-joring behind the horses was a favourite pastime.

RIDING and SWIMMING

There are a great many enthusiastic riders in the school this year. We have three horses now; Bitters, Babs and just recently another new one to take the place of Queenie whom we miss very much. During the summer term we are able to ride in the evenings.

Nearly every Saturday afternoon during this term some girls go

to Sherbrooke to swim in the tank at the Y.W.C.A., — we certainly appreciate the use of the swimming tank.

We all want to thank Miss Keyzer very much for the time and the help she has given us with our gymnastics and sports. We owe a great deal to Miss Keyzer for the improvement in our work this year.

D. Carswell,
Sports Captain.

PICNICS

In the summer time, we go on our picnics. There are form picnics, choir picnics and school picnics.

For form picnics we usually go to what we call "The Guide Camp." It is a clearing in a cedar wood, and in the middle of the clearing lies a rock which makes an ideal fireplace.

Last year, on the school picnic, we went to Lake Lyster. As it is now against the law to travel in trucks, we had to go by bus. Our weight was too much and so at each bridge we had to get out and walk. While we were doing this we picked lovely wild flowers. When we arrived we divided into seven groups, each in charge of a Mistress. After we had cooked and eaten an enormous lunch, we climbed the Pinnacle, which is, after Mount Orford, the highest peak in this part of the country. When we got up there, we felt very dizzy. At the top we looked over a lovely lake with mountains all round it. From the Pinnacle we could see all the surrounding country, and even pick out the roof of the School in the distance. We were given this lovely picnic instead of a school dance.

The Choir also went on a picnic last year — to Massawippi. It was great fun. This year Louise Mitchell has very kindly lent us her cottage at Magog for the Choir picnic next Saturday. We are looking forward to it very much.

Compton is a wonderful place for picnics.

THE END

PICNICS AT BARNACLE PINNACLE

THE PREFECTS — 1933 - 1934

Carol Roy, Pam Anglin, Ida Cressy, Dorothy Carswell.

FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row (l. to r.) — M. Du Moulin, C. E.-Wilmot, F. Sise, I. Cressy.
Front row — S. Baillie, D. Carswell, C. Benison.

THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The Association of Junior Leagues of America

Some people have heard of an organization called the Junior League — Comparatively few know of its aims and ambitions. Why it was started, how it functions or what it hopes to achieve.

In 1901 in New York City the first Junior League came into being. There were debutantes at that time too, and although the gay and giddy whirl may not have been quite as hectic then as it is now, there was still the daily round of receptions, dinners, dances, the opera and so on. In other words the life of a debutante was by no means idle. At this time however, two particular women with great foresight realized the potentialities of guiding the energies of young women into constructive channels. Their idea at this time was to arouse the interest and enlist the services of the New York debutantes in some form of active service to their own neighbourhoods, through the Settlement houses and other organizations in existence at the time. The members chose the kind of work that interested them most, and they were divided into functional committees and assigned to the districts in which they lived. As the membership increased, a plan was started to interest the members of the League in the family case work of the Charity Organization Society. In the original plan of organization the debutantes of each year were to give their time and energies to the raising of money through annual entertainments and the older members were to devote their time to some practical civic work. Through serving as volunteers the members were given an opportunity to learn more about their city; how it was administered, the needs of its hospitals, its schools and its social agencies.

In 1907, Boston debutantes, inspired by the keen interest that their friends in New York were showing in the various activities they had undertaken, decided to start a Junior League in their own city. Then little by little, Leagues began to spring up all over the country.

In 1912 the Debutantes in Montreal joined the ranks and so the movement started to spread through Canada.

Until 1921 the Leagues had been isolated organizations meeting once in a while to discuss their work, but with no solid central tie. In the spring of 1921 the Association of Junior Leagues of America Inc. was founded by the thirty Leagues then in existence, and the first President was elected. The Board of Directors was appointed and was instructed to draw up a constitution and condense the aims of the Leagues into a suitable preamble.

At this time most of the activity was in the nature of social work — baby clinics, hospitals, settlements and a few flower and entertainment committees — but the Board of Directors of the new Association, realizing the extent of the opportunities which would eventually offer themselves to this organization of Junior Leagues, gave free rein to their imaginations, and the social, economic, educational and civic fields were set down in the constitution as those in which Junior Leagues should interest their members.

Space unfortunately does not permit me to trace the growth of the organization year by year. Suffice it to say that as the Leagues increased in numbers, and as the trend of the times demanded more efficient volunteer service, these problems had to be dealt with. It was then that a trained staff and a headquarters for them to keep all information on file seemed a necessity. The increase in the staff has been gradual, but so great has been the demand from the League for trained supervision of their work, that we have felt it our duty to supply them with the type of service they need.

The Staff represent the four main divisions of work which is undertaken by almost every League in the Association, namely: Welfare, Shops, Arts and Interests and Children's Plays, and they are qualified either through field visits or correspondence to give advice on any of their respective subjects.

At this time there are 137 Leagues in the United States, Canada and Mexico with a total membership of approximately 27,000. The Leagues are geographically divided into nine Regions with a Director as supervisor of each Region.

An Association President, vice-president, secretary and treasurer together with the nine directors and a Canadian Representative constitute the Association Board. These officers are elected by the membership at large and represent every part of the country.

This is but a bas-relief of fact against a solid background of action. There is a history for every League, a history for every committee, but the tale each tells is the growth of the Association of the Junior Leagues of America, the spreading of its tentacles, the expansion of its aims and purposes. At first the Leagues were a little slow to realize what opportunities lay before them. Now they realize more and more that their place in the community is not one of arbitrary giving but of actual partnership and of co-operation with their cities, working together for a mutual benefit. Realizing that the purpose of the League is to develop the younger women and make it possible for them to find their place in their own community life, so that they may have a chance to decide for themselves toward what endeavour they wish eventually to bend their energies and devote their time.

This organization called the Junior League is not an end in itself. It is a training school from which young women graduate with a definite idea as to their interests and ambitions and with a definite desire to express this interest in active and productive work. Its value is that the young are responsible for its influence and keep its engagements, are made wiser by its failures, and contrive its successes.

— Margaret C. Mitchell,
Montreal.
(per E. M. H.)

— ● —

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Montreal Branch —

Engagements:-

Margaret C. Mitchell to Dr. J. C. Mackenzie.

Marriages:-

Jean Cassils to Dr. Thorburn Cleveland, — Montreal
Ailsie Coghlin to C. Beresford Hands — Montreal.
Hope Cushing to Arthur Wright, — Montreal .
Dorothy Donaghy to Frank Read — Montreal.
Greta Granger to Lawrence Bancroft, — will live in England.
Muriel Jamieson to Stuart Cantlie — Montreal.
Isobel Mitchell to Herbert Call — Montreal.
Madeline Nicoll to E. L. Hickman. They will live in St. John's Newfoundland after their return from abroad.
Pauline Pavey to Robert Elliott Painter, — Montreal.
Marjorie Weir to A. E. Simpson, — Montreal.

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cook (Nancy Esdaile), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. S. Evans (Brownie Watson), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hamilton (Dorothy Napier), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hodson (Joan Milligan), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Church (Mary Brewer), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson Fry (Beatrice Pratt), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Paton (Emma Church), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Mackay Smith (Phyllis Barker), a son.

Mrs. Hutchings (Margaret Smith) now lives in Paget, Bermuda. They have eight children.

Lady Lindsay Hogg (Frances Dobell) has returned to her career on the stage.

Mrs. Peirson (Ruth Wilder) has moved from Winnipeg and is now living in Montreal.

Marjorie Cochrane and Mrs. W. H. Campbell (Betty Briarley) have both returned from a trip to Bermuda.

Mrs. C. B. Campbell (Marjorie Skelton) has moved from Montreal and is now living at Rosemere, P. Q. She has beautiful hand made home spun materials, hats, scarves, etc., for sale or to be made to order.

Willa Magee has the interesting position of Post-Mistress on the Empress of Britain on a world cruise. She has also been elected to the position of Corresponding Secretary of the Junior League for the coming year.

Margaret Mitchell, who is a past president of the Montreal Junior League, has been chosen by the New England and Montreal Leagues as Director of Region One of the Association of the Junior Leagues of America, which office she will hold again for the coming year.

Mrs. C. Beresford Hands (Ailsie Coghlin), past president of the King's Hall, Compton, Old Girls' Association, has just retired as President of the Montreal Junior League after two very successful years in office, and we hope will continue to help the League with her valued advice in charge of the Placement Bureau.

Margaret Torrance has just completed a year as Treasurer of the Junior League of Montreal and has been re-elected to the same office for the coming year.

Marjorie Lynch has been elected to the office of Assistant Treasurer to the Montreal Junior League.

Margaret Torrance, Margaret Mitchell and Mrs. C. B. Hands (Ailsie Coghlin) will be among the Montreal Junior League representatives at the Conference in Toronto this spring.

Mrs. Charles Hope (Thea Cockburn) has been abroad in England. She spent the Easter holidays with her son Bill who is attending Bilton Grange, Rugby.

Frances Porteous has been Art Mistress at King's Hall during the past year.

Margaret Gurd has spent the winter taking a course at the Margaret Eaton School of Physical Education in Toronto. This is a splendid course for those who wish to teach physical culture.

Mrs. Ross Hutchins (Dorothy Phillips) has returned from a visit to Bermuda.

Mary Bunbury, Margaret Parmenter and Edith Jaques are training to be nurses in the Montreal General Hospital.

Bella Jaques is training in the Homeopathic Hospital.

Mrs. A. E. Reid (Hope Pearson) has left Toronto and is now living in Montreal.

Helen Hague is teaching History at The Study, Miss Gascoigne's School, Montreal.

Helen Wright is Secretary of the Themis Club.

A bridge was held in the Salada Tea Rooms in February for the Montreal Branch of the Old Girls' Association. There were eight tables in all and after tea the guests were shown the splendid view of the Montreal Harbour from the top of the building and also the interesting process of packing tea.

The Annual Meeting and Tea took place on Tuesday, May 22nd, at the Themis Club. We were delighted to have Miss Gillard with us and also to hear amongst other news of the School what a success and a joy the new General Electric Refrigerator is, which the School was able to have installed this winter with the help of the Old Girls' Association and the interest from the Laura Joll Fund.

We announce with deepest regret the death of Mrs. F. S. Meighan (Gwyneth Jones) and Evelyn Porteous, who was our representative on the School Board ever since the forming of the Association seven years ago. Evelyn did a great deal to keep the interest of the school before the old girls of King's Hall and was a very valuable member of the Association.

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Hamilton Branch —

Marriages:-

Miriam Bell to Harold Lazier.

Margaret McConnell to Philip F. Sise. They have moved from Stratford to Toronto.

Margaret Pirie to Kenneth B. Myers. They are at present in England, but are returning to Canada this summer en route to their home in Auckland, New Zealand.

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon C. Hale (Katharine Alexander), a son, August, 1933.

Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Ballantine (Marjorie Phin), Lewiston, N.Y., a daughter, March, 1934.

Mrs. P. R. McCullough (Katherine Champ) has been elected 2nd Vice-President of the Hamilton Junior League. Eleanor Innes was the Chairman, and Mrs. Harold Lazier (Miriam Bell) the Secretary of the Committee in charge of arrangements for the Junior League Revue held in April.

The Hamilton Branch takes great pride in the fact that one of its members, Mrs. Sutherland (Ethel Grantham) now has a daughter at K.H.C.

A most successful luncheon meeting was held on October 24th at the Tamahac Club, at which we were very pleased to welcome 24 members from Toronto, Galt, London, Quebec, and Winnipeg, as well as 12 from our own branch.

The Annual Meeting and Tea was held at the home of Mrs. H. Dudley Smith in Ancaster on Friday, May 11. Mrs. Smith has always taken the keenest interest in the School, having at one time resided at Compton, and it was through her that the School first became known to Hamilton parents.

The Hamilton Branch announces with the deepest regret the death on April 8th of Dorothy (Dossé) Phin, head girl at K.H.C., 1923-24. Although Dossé was unable to be an active member, we always felt that we had her support and interest. She was dearly beloved by everyone, and will be sadly missed.

MISS DOROTHY PHIN

Ottawa Branch —

Marriages:-

Audrey Gilmour to Cuthbert Scott, in September, 1933.

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Woods (Catharine Guthrie), a son in January.
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Minnes (Nancy MacCarthy), a son in June, 1933.
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wilkinson (Alta Campbell), a son in February.

Mary Scott is visiting in Ottawa and will be here for some time.

Mrs. Selwyn Wilson (Nora Macoun) is president of the Mary Court Club, 1933 - 1934.

Joan Ahearn is spending the summer abroad.

Mrs. Elmore Davis (Margaret Minnes) spent two months in California. Mrs. Elmore Davis and Prudence Holbrook, members of The Minto Skating Club, are North American and Canadian Four Champions 1933 - 1934.

During the past winter Miss Grizel Holbrook took a cruise around the world.

Mrs. Roland Elliott (Marjorie Burton) is now residing in Hull, and is a new member of the Ottawa Branch.

Mrs. Ellwood (Vardon Ross), president of the Ottawa Branch, is leaving Ottawa in June and will reside in Montreal.

Alta R. (Mrs. C. L.) Wilkinson,
Secretary.

— ● —

Quebec Branch —

Deceased:-

Mrs. G. F. Cleveland (A. Wadleigh), Danville, Que.

We regret to report the death of our oldest and one of our most interested members. Many will remember Mrs. Cleveland who motored up to Compton for the Reunion.

Married:-

Jean Price to Mr. Dignum Treneer-Mitchell at Farncomb Parish Church, Surrey, April, 1934.

Helen Price spent the winter in Bermuda.

Hilda Stevenson has gone to St. John's P.Q., after spending some time in Quebec where she was matron of the Military Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Williams (Enid Price) have moved to Shawinigan Falls where Mr. Williams has taken up his duties as Rector of the Parish.

Marjorie Barrow spent some time in Jamaica this winter.

Lucie Doucet has taken over the duties of the convenor of the Blind Association.

— ● —

Sherbrooke Branch —

Miss Margaret Newton is attending Western University in London, Ontario.

Marriages :-

Mary White to Graeme Taylor on April 13th, 1933. They are now living on Newton Street, Sherbrooke, Que.

Isabelle Mitchell to Russell B. Call on Sept. 16th, 1933. They are now living at 4872 Côte des Neiges Road, Montreal.

Births :-

Mrs. Fairfield McCann (Virginia Allen), a son on Jan. 10th, 1934.

Deaths :-

We announce with deepest regret the death of Miss Jane Bulmer, a former Housekeeper at King's Hall, who passed away on April 5th, 1934.

— ● —

Toronto Branch —

Births :-

Mr. and Mrs. H. Jackson (Mary Rowell), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. E. MacPherson (Annette Blaikie), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hector (Amy Davidge), a son.

Engagements :-

Mary Anderson, second daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Anderson to Mr. Rankin Nesbitt, son of Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt of Toronto.

Visitors :-

Mrs. Williams (Kathleen O'Hara) has been visiting her mother for a few weeks on her way to live in Annapolis.

Susan Ross has gone to England.

Helen Gurney has gone to England.

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